

## Disciples 141

### Chapter 141: I'm Not a Pushover

Zhu Honggong fidgeted as he stood rooted to the ground. He was hesitating, truly reluctant to go out and meet his opponent.

Yu Zhenghai, on the other hand, seemed calm as though he was waiting to watch a good show.

'Crying won't solve the problem. If I can't defeat them, I can always run away!' With these thoughts in mind, Zhu Honggong coughed softly twice. He looked at the subordinate next to him and said, "Fight by my side!"

Perhaps, Zhu Honggong's subordinate did not register Zhu Honggong's words, or perhaps, the habit had been deeply ingrained in his mind, he said instinctively, "Gang Leader, quick! To the back of the mountain!"

"What do you mean to the back of the mountain? We're going to fight!" Zhu Honggong said before he kicked his subordinate.

The two of them walked out of the stronghold.

Yu Zhenghai stood up calmly and trailed after them with his hands on his back. There was nobody inside the stronghold, and he was bored. It was better for him to head out and watch the happenings outside.

Just as Zhu Honggong's subordinate had reported, the Righteous Sect's flying chariot was outside of the Tiger Ridge, hovering several meters in the air.

The other gang members did not seem amazed by this flying chariot. Perhaps, it was because they had seen the Nether Sect's flying chariot. In comparison, the flying chariot from the Righteous Sect was truly lacking. They were in completely different leagues.

Zhu Honggong looked up and shouted commandingly, "Brothers! Gather your courage! Those without cultivation bases should seek shelter. Those in the Mystic Enlightening realm and Sense Condensing realm, prepare the traps. Those in the Brahman Sea realm and above, assemble!"

With that, the Tiger Ridge members scrambled about to comply with the orders that had been given to them.

Yu Zhenghai nodded slightly as he surveyed the area. It was commendable that a minor gang like this had such countermeasures.

Rustle! Rustle!

The weeds in the forest around the stronghold parted, revealing many huge ballistae.

When he saw the ballistae, Yu Zhenghai walked with his hands on his back to Zhu Honggong and calmly said, "Old Eighth, I've underestimated you."

Zhu Honggong chuckled. "Eldest Senior Brother, this is our base after all. We can't do without some tricks up our sleeves. Otherwise, we would have been eradicated a long time ago."

The ballistae were ready.

Zhu Honggong looked at the flying chariot in the sky and said spiritedly, "These ballistae will spell the doom of the flying chariot! Fire!"

The Righteous Sect did not even have time to speak before the ballistae were fired into the sky.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The ballistae fired fiercely into the air.

The cultivators needed to conjure up a dense layer of energy around the flying chariot to protect it from these projectiles. Otherwise, the flying chariot would sink if the projectile breached the protective barrier.

Bolts that were as thick as a human's arm shot toward their target.

The sounds from the ten ballistae resounded throughout the forest.

The expression of the cultivators around the flying chariot changed dramatically as they continued to maintain the protective barrier.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The cultivators' protective barrier repelled the projectiles.

Zhu Honggong frowned. "They're sure putting a lot of effort into this!"

The ballistae were usually effective against ordinary flying chariots. Even if they could not kill the cultivators, they could still scatter their enemies' formation and sink the flying chariot. However, it was more difficult to use them against cultivators with profound cultivation bases.

"Again!" Zhu Honggong ordered. 'Exhaust their Primal Qi!'

Naturally, more bolts were fired.

Meanwhile, the flying chariot was already upon Tiger Ridge.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Another volley of bolts shot toward the flying chariot.

The cultivators flanking the flying chariot unleashed their protective energies once more.

The bolts were repelled as halos surfaced on the protective energies in the air.

Onboard of the flying chariot, a deep voice resounded throughout Tiger Ridge.

"Zhu Honggong, as it turns out, you've been hiding here. You managed to escape from the Green Jade Altar previously. Let's see where you're going to run off to this time!"

Dozens of cultivators stepped out of the flying chariot and walked in the air.

"Gang Master! The ballistae aren't working! Should we retreat?!"

“Shut up!” Zhu Honggong barked. His Eldest Senior Brother was next to him. How could he embarrass himself in front of his Eldest Senior Brother? He turned around and looked at Yu Zhenghai and said with a sheepish smile, “Senior brother, your junior brother is incompetent.”

Then, Zhu Honggong waved his arms and said loudly, “Octagon Formation!”

The other gang members echoed in response.

“Heaven, Earth, Wind, Cloud, Dragon, Tiger, Bird, Snake!”

“All are in position!”

“Activate!”

With Tiger Ridge in the center, a circle that was half-dark and half-light appeared. Outside the circle, eight different formations lit up.

Yu Zhenghai nodded slowly and praised, “Looks like Eighth Junior Brother isn’t too stupid. Indeed, Tiger Ridge’s geography is well-suited for the execution of an Octagon Formation.”

“You flatter me, Eldest Senior Brother!” Zhu Honggong who had been praised by his Eldest Senior Brother felt as though he was walking on air. After all, he was rarely praised in his entire life.

Yu Zhenghai spoke with his hands on his back. “The Octagon Formation is a Daoist Formation... It’s capable of muddling the Primal Qi in the surroundings; gathering it at the center and forming a surging stream. Any flying chariot that gets near it will certainly be brought down.”

“I’m always impressed by your vast knowledge, Eldest Senior Brother,” Zhu Honggong said.

Whizz!

At this moment, the flying chariot was right above Tiger Ridge.

The Octagon Formation was also completed.

The Primal Qi around them surged. The resulting gusts of wind stirred the cloud.

Under the effect of the Octagon Formation, the Primal Qi condensed into energy!

A huge vortex appeared above Tiger Ridge.

When an elder from the Righteous Sect saw this, he hastily cried out in alarm, “This is bad! It’s an Octagon Formation! Avoid it! Avoid it now!”

The flanking cultivators channeled their Primal Qi with all their might to move the flying chariot.

Yu Zhenghai nodded and said, “They’re not too dumb. They know when to run.”

“Eldest Senior Brother, why does it seem like you’re on their side?”

Yu Zhenghai smiled and said, “If you stall any longer, the flying chariot will be out of your Octagon Formation’s range. You’ll be wasting the Primal Qi your Formation has amassed over the years.”

Zhu Honggong understood what Yu Zhenghai meant. He stomped his feet and shot into the air above the Octagon Formation at lightning speed.

“Eighth Junior Brother... I know you’re in the Divine Court realm. Don’t hold back your strength!” Yu Zhenghai reminded Zhu Honggong with his hands on his back.

Under Yu Zhenghai’s watchful eyes, Zhu Honggong grabbed at the air and seemed to catch the energy in the air.

Energy surrounded the huge vortex.

Zhu Honggong successfully caught all the Primal Qi within the Octagon Formation.

“Nine Tribulations Thunderblast!”

The energy was tinged with the color of lightning.

Unlike Lu Zhou’s Thunderblast, Zhu Honggong’s Nine Tribulations Thunderblast was formed by condensing Primal Qi into energy and subsequently creating an illusion of lightning from the rapid friction of the energies!

“Interesting! Eighth Junior Brother, use the Octagon Formation and raise your Nine Tribulations Thunderblast to its full force!”

Zhu Honggong held onto the energy as if it was a dragon. He shouted, “Break!”

The flying chariot was struggling to free itself from the vortex.

Unfortunately, Zhu Honggong’s attack was already upon it.

“Scatter!” The flanking cultivators had no choice but to disperse and dodge the attack within the Octagon Formation!

Boom!

Zhu Honggong landed a hit on the flying chariot!

Energy flowed about turbulently, dancing in the air like snowflakes being scattered.

How could an Evil Sky Pavilion disciple with only a cultivation base in the Divine Court realm be a villain in his own right? This was the answer.

The several thousand of Tiger Ridge Gang members poked their heads out to look at the shocking attack. They were awed by the dazzling and magnificent display.

Without the protection from the cultivators’ energies, this attack damaged the Formation lines on the flying chariot.

Clack!

It cracked!

The flying chariot teetered precariously in the air. It had lost its mobility.

At this moment, the members of the Tiger Ridge Gang shouted in unison, "All hail the mighty Gang Leader!" They had never seen Zhu Honggong display such impressive strength. This attack had greatly boosted the Tiger Ridge Gang members' morale!

Zhu Honggong stood within the Octagon Formation and spoke in a deep voice, "It's not over yet. I said that I'm not a pushover."

Meanwhile, the Righteous Sect's cultivators quickly deserted the flying chariot when they realized it could no longer move.

### **Chapter 142: Don't Be Afraid, Junior Brother**

The Primal Qi gathered by the Octagon Formation was not inferior to a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm expert's Primal Qi.

In other words, although Zhu Honggong was in the Divine Court realm, within this Octagon Formation, he was comparable to a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm expert.

Even Yu Zhenghai, Zhu Honggong's eldest senior brother, was slightly taken aback by this.

"Seven Tribulations Phenomenon!" Zhu Honggong shouted. He mobilized all his Primal Qi to move the Octagon Formation. His lightning-like energy surged up into the sky toward the scattered cultivators.

Phenomenon was the seventh Tribulation in the Nine Tribulations Thunderblast. It was also Zhu Honggong's most powerful skill.

At this moment, the Righteous Sect's cultivators activated their protective energies. The weaker ones continued to descend. Those who connected their Brahman Sea Eight Meridians unleashed their avatars. Several Six Recombinant Trigram Lines and Seven Star Souls floated down gently.

The Nine Tribulations Thunderblast took effect at this moment. The Octagon Formation condensed the Primal Qi into energy that crackled as it shot toward the cultivators.

"Damn it!" The Righteous Sect's cultivators resisted with all their might.

"Hundred Tribulations Insight!"

Finally, a Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar appeared among the scattered cultivators. A Four-leaf Golden Lotus glistened in midair. It planted itself before the phenomenon.

Zhu Honggong exclaimed in shock, "This is f\*cking unfair!" He went through so much trouble to gather all the Primal Qi, activated the Octagon Formation, and unleashed his most powerful move, and yet, it was all blocked by a Hundred Tribulations Insight!

"Again!" Zhu Honggong did not want to accept defeat.

The Hundred Tribulations Insight suddenly disappeared as a figure shot through the air. The figure belonged to an old man.

'The Righteous Sect's Zhang Chunlai?! It's not Sect Master Zhang Yuanshan?'

Zhang Chunlai was livid. Flames were practically burning in his eyes. He extended a palm and charged toward Zhu Honggong as he cried out, "Die!"

A series of palm prints formed a line before it shot toward Zhu Honggong.

"Thunderclap!" Zhu Honggong used the Octagon Formation to condense his Primal Qi into energy again and launched it at Zhang Chunlai with the thunderclap.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The energies of the palm prints and the Octagon Formation's vortex collided, creating a shockwave that rippled outward in the air.

The trees around Tiger Ridge were uprooted and destroyed.

Zhang Chunlai said in a voice laden with surprise, "To think you're capable of this even though you're in the Divine Court realm... As expected of an Evil Sky Pavilion's disciple!"

"Cut the nonsense! Zhang Chunlai, I couldn't find you at the Green Jade Altar back then. I didn't expect you to come looking for me!" Zhu Honggong shouted as he pointed at Zhang Chunlai from afar.

"Alas, a Divine Court realm cultivator is only a Divine Court realm cultivator. Do you think you can defeat me with just the Octagon Formation?"

"Well, you can't stop me from trying!" As Zhu Honggong spoke, the area covered by the circle of light expanded. The half-dark and half-light semi-domes fused, and the Octagon Formation shone with higher intensity.

Zhang Chunlai frowned slightly. How could the little Tiger Ridge Gang manage such a powerful Formation? He hastily looked around him in search of a more powerful target, but he did not see anyone.

Yu Zhenghai was standing in the Octagon Formation as he observed the battle calmly. He nodded slightly. The old man from the Righteous Sect was not dumb. Old Eighth's cultivation base is slightly weak. As an Evil Sky Pavilion's disciple, there were many who wanted to take his life throughout the years, and yet, none of them succeeded. If Old Eighth did not have a few tricks up his sleeve, he would not have been able to survive for this long. Moreover, he had Si Wuya's support.

Yu Zhenghai continued to watch the show calmly as he hid his aura.

Meanwhile, Zhu Honggong had condensed enough energy. With the help of the powerful Octagon Formation, his aura and power were already in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm.

The Righteous Sect's disciples who were scattered all over the place looked on with an incredulous expression on their faces. It seemed like they had underestimated the eighth disciple who had left the Evil Sky Pavilion!

A thunderous energy rained down on them.

"Block it!"

There was no need to mention the Sense Condensing realm cultivators. After the flying chariot was destroyed, they could hardly protect themselves. Most of the Brahman Sea realm cultivators were putting up a desperate struggle. As they descended, they racked their brains for a way to repel the pressure from the Octagon Formation.

Zhang Chunlai yelled, "I've already told you. A Divine Court realm cultivator is only capable of so much!" His Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar made an appearance again. Unlike before, there were five leaves on its Golden Lotus now.

"Oh? He concealed his cultivation base." Yu Zhenghai watched curiously, he had no intention to intervene.

Zhu Honggong saw the Golden Lotus and felt a prickle on his scalp. He lamented inwardly, 'What did I do to deserve this?'

With his Five-leaf Golden Lotus's Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar, Zhang Chunlai charged into the Octagon Formation.

"Hm?" Yun Zhenghai praised, "He's quite skilled. He knows how to utilize the difference in their cultivation bases to his advantage and forcibly break through the Octagon Formation's vortex."

The main functions of an avatar were to enhance one's own cultivation base while intimidating the opponent and as a means of protection. However, cultivators usually focused on the enhancement and intimidation side of things. Once their avatars were destroyed, they would lose this advantage. However, if the cultivator used his avatar to suppress his opponent using the difference between their realms, they would be successful in their endeavor!

Zhang Chunlai's move was quick, brutal, and precise. He wrapped himself in his glimmering golden avatar and charged into the Octagon Formation. His avatar kept the Octagon Formation's energy at bay.

"Take this!" Zhang Chunlai cried out as he left his avatar suddenly and appeared about 10 meters away from Zhu Honggong and struck with his palm.

"Daoist palmprint?" Zhu Honggong frowned. He gathered up his Primal Qi to block the attack. He raised his arms.

Boom!

Even so, a Five-leaf Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm's cultivation base was much more powerful compared to a Divine Court realm's cultivation base.

The Octagon Formation's Primal Qi seemed to have been blocked by the avatar. Zhu Honggong discovered he could no longer gather Primal Qi. The palm strike landed squarely on Zhu Honggong, causing him to reel from the blow.

"Gang Leader!"

"Gang Leader!"

Zhu Honggong's gang members shouted in unison when they saw this.

The Octagon Formation was gone, and the Primal Qi around them had dispersed.

Zhu Honggong flipped in the air and managed to steady himself. His Qi and blood were surging wildly. His arms were sore and numb. He could feel that he was on the verge of throwing up blood.

“Hm?” A shocked expression appeared on Zhang Chunlai’s face as he cried out, “You’re still alive?” With such a huge difference between their cultivation bases, even if Zhu Honggong managed to survive the blow, he should still be heavily injured. ‘He’s unharmed?’

Zhu Honggong grinned before he laughed. “You old fart! You didn’t expect this, did you?”

“A zen tunic?” Zhang Chunlai noticed the exposed corner of the tunic, causing his expression to sour.

The tunic was said to be the prized treasure of Heaven Choice Temple, one of the Four Great Buddhist Sects. Why would it be in the possession of an Evil Sky Pavilion’s disciple? For a mortal, the zen tunic would render the wearer invincible to blades and spears. For a cultivator, it would be able to repel energy-based attacks!

“Since I decided to come here, I swear I’ll end your wretched life!” Zhang Chunlai said arrogantly as he waved his arm.

The scattered cultivators gathered again.

“Forget about the small fries. It’s said that the Evil Sky Pavilion’s eighth disciple is skilled in escaping... Keep him surrounded. I’d like to see how long that zen tunic will hold out.”

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Two Divine Court realm cultivators led several Brahman Sea realm cultivators as they rushed over.

Zhu Honggong immediately landed on the ground. He pulled a face and said, “Eldest Senior Brother, I can’t do this anymore!”

Yu Zhenghai smiled faintly and said, “You did well. You’re smart enough to use the Formation to fight against a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivator. Not bad.”

‘Hm?’ At this moment, Zhang Chunlai felt something was amiss. Why would an Evil Sky Pavilion’s disciple bow toward a middle-aged man?

“Eldest Senior Brother, hurry up! If this drags on, my shoddy stronghold will be destroyed by this old fart!” Without the support from the Formation, even if Zhu Honggong had the zen tunic, he would only be a punching bag in a kasaya. It was not enough for him to stand up to Zhang Chunlai.

“Don’t be afraid, junior brother.” Yu Zhenghai walked forward with his hands on his back as he looked up into the sky.

Zhang Chunlai glanced at them indifferently and said, “This is nothing but false bravado! I won’t fall for your petty tricks again. Take them down!”

“Understood!”



Yu Zhenghai noticed that Zhang Chunlai used the word 'again'. He turned to look at Zhu Honggong who hastily lowered his head like a child who had done something wrong.

Several cultivators surrounded them in the air.

Zhang Chunlai did not waste any more words as he launched another palm strike from above. Dozens of palm prints descended on the duo like a falling mountain.

Yu Zhenghai continued to stand still with his hands on his back. He did not seem to be in a hurry nor did he seem panicked.

When the palm prints were about to land on them, Yu Zhenghai moved his right hand. His palm struck the air above him.

### **Chapter 143: The Box's Secret**

A seemingly harmless energy surged out of Yu Zhenghai's palm and collided with the onslaught of palm prints!

Boom!

A violent shockwave rippled horizontally in the air as a result of the collision.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The trees that had been uprooted in the surroundings were uniformly cut in half by the horizontal shockwave.

Strangely, the shockwave did not dissipate. It seemed to be powered by a peculiar energy!

Zhu Honggong's expression was one of envy and awe. This attack was the combination of Yu Zhenghai's, his eldest senior brother, Great Dark Heaven Memorial and the palm strike, the Great Dark Heavenly Palm!

The single palm strike repelled several of his enemies, and there was a recoil of Primal Qi.

Zhu Honggong could not get enough of this.

"Retreat!" Zhang Chunlai was greatly shocked as he ordered everyone to fall back. He instantly knew the middle-aged man was a peerless elite.

Yu Zhenghai looked up and said, "Too late." His voice traveled up into the air, seemingly carried by a force.

Bam! Bam! Bam!

The Brahman Sea realm cultivators could not even withstand a single hit. They dropped like flies immediately. On the other hand, the Divine Court realm cultivators had managed to rise higher in the sky, but their ends were just as tragic.

The only person left standing was the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivator, Zhang Chunlai. He glared at Yu Zhenghai as he retreated. After a moment, he unleashed his ultimate skill again. "Hundred Tribulations Insight!"

Yu Zhenghai smiled faintly as he said, "I was waiting for your avatar." He waved his right arm, and the Jasper Saber spun and flew out!

Heaven-grade weapons were the Achilles' heels of every avatar. It could easily break through the avatars' defenses! A Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar was an ultimate move that expended much of the cultivator's energy. If an avatar was destroyed, it was akin to dealing a huge blow to the cultivator!

"Eldest Senior Brother, he intends on fleeing with the Grand Technique!" Zhu Honggong cried out.

Zhang Chunlai and his Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar moved 1,000 meters away in just a blink of an eye. In a few short seconds, he was already out of the Tiger Ridge Gang's territory. He was about to sigh in relief when he saw Yu Zhenghai hovering in the air with his hands on his back, standing in the path of his Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar.

With his black garments and chiseled face, Yu Zhenghai looked extremely mighty and majestic under the sun's ray.

Zhang Chunlai heard a sound from above. He looked up.

It was the Jasper Saber wrapped in dense energy. It was spinning constantly, looking larger than a cartwheel. This was the technique, the Dark Heaven's Starlight!

"You're only a Five-leaf?" Yu Zhenghai questioned. In other words, he meant, how did a Five-leaf Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivator only managed to run this far? Alas, this old man was far from being a worthy opponent! He could not find it in himself to respect such an opponent. Zhang Chunlai was not even at the level of his four great protectors.

"You... you..." Zhang Chunlai stammered as he tried to unleash his Grand Technique again.

Yu Zhenghai rested his hands on his back as he said, "If this is all the Righteous Sect is capable of, you're being overly arrogant to say you'll flatten my Eighth Junior Brother's Tiger Ridge."

"The Evil Sky Pavilion's... first disciple?!"

At this moment, the Dark Heaven's Starlight landed on the Hundred Tribulations Insight avatar.

Boom!

The avatar seemed as soft as tofu. It was instantly destroyed by the Jasper Saber!

Energy roiled violently in the air, creating a flurry of hurricanes. It blew through the forests, uprooting trees and killing birds and wild beasts.

Yu Zhenghai was the only one who was completely unaffected. He looked calmly at the rampaging energies.

Zhang Chunlai despaired. 'Can I escape? Using the Grand Technique will only expedite my doom!' He raised his palms skyward and all his Primal Qi surged out! At this point, he had almost completely depleted his power.

Countless palm prints pushed against the spinning heaven-grade weapon. Unfortunately, the differences between their realms were too great. Moreover, the Jasper Saber was a gem even among heaven-grade weapons.

Bam!

When the Jasper Saber slashed at Zhang Chunlai, Yu Zhenghai had already turned away. He made his way back to the Tiger Ridge. The Jasper Saber returned to its owner after it completed its task.

In just a blink of an eye, the entire place fell silent. The roiling energy had calmed down as well.

The members of the Tiger Ridge Gang were completely dumbstruck. All it took was a palm strike and a blade strike, and it was over? They were rooted to their spots in shock as they surveyed the uprooted trees and the chaotic landscape. If they did not witness this with their own eyes, they would not believe this was done by the Evil Sky Pavilion's first disciple. They had followed Zhu Honggong because of his affiliation with the Evil Sky Pavilion. His performance had already exceeded their expectations. Who knew the Evil Sky Pavilion's first disciple was this powerful? Against the Five-leaf cultivation base elite, he had ended the battle so decisively and quickly.

Yu Zhenghai returned to Tiger Ridge and landed before Zhu Honggong. He raised a hand and patted Zhu Honggong's shoulder. "You're lucky he was only a Five-leaf cultivator... If he had another leaf, you would've been in deep trouble earlier."

Zhu Honggong was still in a daze. He wore a blank expression on his face. When Yu Zhenghai patted his shoulder, he gulped when he regained his senses.

"E-eldest... Eldest Senior Brother!" Zhu Honggong suddenly seemed a lot more obedient as he trailed after Yu Zhenghai. "You've become much more powerful after coming out from seclusion!"

"I was using a sledgehammer on a nut. It's nothing worth mentioning," Yu Zhenghai said.

"It's worth mentioning! I've never seen anything like your Great Dark Heavenly Palm, Eldest Senior Brother! It was too f\*cking awesome! The admiration I have for you is as endless as the roaring river, and as..."

"That's enough." Yu Zhenghai went into the stronghold and sat down. "You've been working with Old Seventh for a long time. Who did you learn all this flattery from?"

Zhu Honggong laughed sheepishly before he said, "Thank you for lending a hand, Eldest Senior Brother! If it weren't for you, I would've been in dire straits today."

Yu Zhenghai did not reply to him. Instead, he asked, "Is Old Seventh responsible for your Octagon Formation?"

"Uh... You have keen eyes, Eldest Senior Brother. I truly can't keep anything from you."

"Did Old Seventh give you the zen tunic as well?" Yu Zhenghai asked.

Zhu Honggong immediately slapped his chest and said, "Eldest Senior Brother... Please! This is the only treasure I have!"

Yu Zhenghai sighed and shook his head.

Zhu Honggong chuckled and said, "Eldest Senior Brother, you're so awesome, there's no way you'll be interested in this zen tunic. Your protective energy alone is far superior compared to my tunic!" As he spoke, his voice weakened before he finally said, "Yes, it was Seventh Senior Brother who obtained it from the Heaven Choice Temple."

Yu Zhenghai said, "Don't let Old Seventh's intentions go to waste. If it weren't for this zen tunic, you would've been long dead."

"You're right, Eldest Senior Brother!"

"The Righteous Sect has lost its soldiers and general. Knowing Zhang Yuanshan, I don't think he'll come here anytime soon," Yu Zhenghai said slowly, "However, you must be on your guard."

"Yes, Eldest Senior Brother," Zhu Honggong replied obediently.

Yu Zhenghai glanced at the box next to him and asked, "Did Fourth Junior Brother mention when he'll be coming for the box?"

Zhu Honggong counted his fingers and said, "He'll come in three days."

"In that case, I'll stay for three days."

"You can stay here as long as you like, Eldest Senior Brother!" Zhu Honggong said ingratiatingly.

Yu Zhenghai laughed heartily as he shook his head and said, "Talking to you is boring me to no end. How I wish Old Seventh was here." After he spoke, he rose to his feet and waved his arm. The mysterious box floated to him immediately. Soon after, his Jasper Saber appeared as well.

An envious expression appeared on Zhu Honggong's face when he saw the Jasper Saber. He really wished there was a heaven-grade weapon in the mysterious box. "Are you going to unlock the box, Eldest Senior Brother?"

The Jasper Saber moved into the groove.

Click!

A crisp sound rang in the air.

The Jasper Saber had fulfilled its purpose as one of the keys.

Soon after, the Jasper Saber was ejected, and it vanished.

"My dear master, just how many treasures do you have?"

#### **Chapter 144: The Magnanimous Eldest Senior Brother**

Zhu Honggong said with a grin, "Eldest Senior Brother, with your strength, I'm sure you can think of a way to open this box. Who knows we might find an unexpected treasure hidden within?"

Yu Zhenghai shook his head. He did not think there would be anything in the box that would attract his attention. He said, "Ever since the Evil Sky Pavilion started recruiting disciples, master gave everyone a

set of cultivation methods and a weapon... Since then, the Evil Sky Pavilion's name began to rise in prestige. I won't be surprised if there's a treasure in the box."

"That's right... Eldest Senior Brother, you've defeated many elites with your Jasper Saber and Great Dark Heaven Memorial. Then, you founded the Nether Sect, and it's become the greatest cult in Great Yan. Apart from that, Second Senior Brother's Guiyuan Sword Technique has reached perfection as well, and nobody can lay a finger on him in Upper Prime City. He has also destroyed countless precious items," Zhu Honggong said, his words filled with praise.

Yu Zhenghai turned and looked at Zhu Honggong.

Zhu Honggong's heart skipped a beat. He hastily added, "Uh... Although Second Senior Brother's sword technique is powerful, it pales in comparison to your Great Dark Heaven Memorial, Eldest Senior Brother."

Yu Zhenghai said, "Second Junior Brother has always been at odds with me. However, I'm still his eldest senior brother."

"Of course, of course. Your magnanimity isn't something that others can replicate." Zhu Honggong knew that Yu Shangrong had killed Chen Wenjie who was from Yu Zhenghai's faction. Chen Wenjie was one of the three Sword Freaks who was highly skilled with the sword. Chen Wenjie could be regarded as one of Yu Zhenghai's helpful assistants. However, Yu Zhenghai did not hold this against Yu Shangrong. If this was not magnanimity, he did not know what was.

As someone with his standing, Yu Zhenghai had heard too much flattery over the years. He was already numb to this. "Tell your men to tidy the place."

Zhu Honggong immediately gestured at his subordinates outside. "Tidy this place up. My Eldest Senior Brother wants to rest!"

This person was Yu Zhenghai, the Evil Sky Pavilion's first disciple who repelled the Righteous Sect with only two moves. He was also the Sect Master of Nether Sect Master whose cultivation base was unfathomable.

Naturally, nobody dared to slack off. They quickly nodded and hastily busied themselves with clearing the place.

...

Three days passed in just a blink of an eye.

The morning sun shone on Tiger Ridge.

The stronghold was now more organized after they cleaned up the aftermath of the battle. However, the uprooted trees made the place look barren.

A kilometer away from the stronghold, Mingshi Yin appeared, as he said he would. Initially, he intended to appear in Tiger Ridge directly. However, he found the surroundings strange so he decided to investigate it. As he surveyed his surroundings, he murmured, "Elites were fighting here?"

Mingshi Yin was not stupid. He knew this aftermath was likely caused by a battle between two strong cultivators. He cast a suspicious glance toward Tiger Ridge.

“Old Eighth, that stupid swine. I hope he’s alright.” Mingshi Yin was feeling slightly worried. He tapped the ground lightly with his feet. With movements as quick as lightning, he sped toward Tiger Ridge. When he arrived, he was further shocked by the state the Tiger Ridge was in. All the trees had been uprooted!

“Hm? A Righteous Sect’s flying chariot?” A fallen flying chariot caught Mingshi Yin’s eye. The name of the Righteous Sect was displayed on the flying chariot. He was still mulling over this when two members from the Tiger Ridge Gang appeared.

The two Tiger Ridge Gang’s members bowed and said, “Mister Fourth! Gang Leader has been waiting for you for a long time.”

Mingshi Yin was taken aback. He asked skeptically, “He’s been waiting for me for a long time?” Apart from that, he was surprised that these two low-level cultivators recognized him.

Mingshi Yin stroked his chin as he pondered about this for a moment. Perhaps, his reputation had begun to spread far and wide, and his last visit left an impression on them? However, how did Old Eighth know he would appear specifically at this exact moment?

“Yes, Mister First told us to come and get you.”

“Mister First?” Mingshi Yin frowned when he heard this. “Don’t tell me that Yu Zhenghai, the Sect Master of Nether Sect, is on your mountain.”

“Yes.”

“...” Mingshi Yin was flustered, losing his composure immediately. He scratched his head before he waved his arm and said, “Well, uh, I suddenly remember that I have something to attend to. I’ll come for the box some other day.”

“Uh... Mister Fourth... Mister Fourth...”

“That’s alright, I know my way out.” Mingshi Yin waved his hand and quickly retreated. Just when he was about to cast a skill to leave, a booming voice rang from the direction of the Tiger Ridge.

“Old Fourth, since you’re here, why are you in such a hurry to leave? We haven’t seen each other for a long time. Let’s reminisce about old times in Old Eighth’s mountain stronghold. I’ve had wine and food prepared. Are you trying to hurt my feelings by leaving now?”

Mingshi Yin who clearly heard Yu Zhenghai’s voice felt speechless. He had an unnatural expression on his face as he thought to himself, ‘Damn it! What rotten luck!’

“Mister Fourth, this way, please!”

Mingshi Yin was helpless. He could only follow them to the stronghold.

Just as Yu Zhenghai had said, there was a table full of sumptuous dishes. Mingshi Yin saw his eldest senior brother seated at the table. His heart raced when he saw his eldest senior brother, but he

mustered up his courage and walked up to the table. 'There's nothing to be afraid of! I'm fine even though I'm next to master all the time. Why should I be afraid of Eldest Senior Brother?'

Mingshi Yin cupped his fists together and said, "Greetings, Eldest Senior Brother!"

Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth, was polite. He hastily stood up. "Fourth Senior Brother!"

Yu Zhenghai spoke candidly, "Fourth Junior Brother, come and sit. Pour us some wine! None of us are allowed to leave until we're drunk!"

"..." Mingshi Yin hastily waved his hand. "Eldest Senior Brother, you can drink an ocean with your tolerance. I don't think I can compete with you. Also, I came for the box, and I'm in a hurry to report to master. By the way, Old Eighth, where's master's box?"

Yu Zhenghai said, "There's no need to rush... The box is behind me. Come, sit."

"..." Did Mingshi Yin have a choice? He decided to sit down. It would not do for him to oppose his eldest senior brother. It would only result in a beating. When he sat down, his cup was filled.

Without rhyme or reason, Yu Zhenghai suddenly said, "Old Fourth, I was told that you frequently badmouth me in front of master?"

"No way! Who's feeding you false information, Eldest Senior Brother?" Mingshi Yin widened his eyes in shock.

"Don't be nervous. If I can't even overlook such a trivial matter, how can I be worthy of being your Eldest Senior Brother?" Yu Zhenghai's voice was gentle, deep, and amiable.

From the beginning until now, Zhu Honggong never stopped eating. However, at this moment, he chimed in, "That's right. Eldest Senior Brother isn't so petty."

Yu Zhenghai said, "Old Fourth, how are things up on the mountain these days?"

Mingshi Yin sighed and answered frankly, "Things are better than before... Master's getting old. The people who are coveting the Evil Sky Pavilion are constantly trying to take a bite out of us."

Yu Zhenghai sighed and said, "How's master faring? Is his temper as bad as before?"

When he heard this, Zhu Honggong stopped eating and looked at Mingshi Yin.

"His body's fine. He doesn't have any problems clobbering someone." Mingshi Yin was tight-lipped. "As for his temper, there are improvements."

"So I heard." Yu Zhenghai raised his wine cup and emptied it. He smiled and said, "I heard master has given you the heaven-grade weapon, the Separation Hook and Scabbard."

Mingshi Yin was slightly taken aback. He said, "You sure keep yourself well-informed, Eldest Senior Brother."

"Although I've left the Evil Sky Pavilion for a long time, my heart has always lain with it..." Yu Zhenghai said calmly.

"To be honest, I have something I would like to ask, Eldest Senior Brother."

“We’re brothers. Say what’s on your mind. There’s no need to hold back.”

“When you were in the Evil Sky Pavilion, the Evil Sky Pavilion was in its golden days. Nobody even dared to dream about looking for trouble with us. I’m curious why you chose to leave the Evil Sky Pavilion, Eldest Senior Brother?” Mingshi Yin asked solemnly. He had asked Si Wuya, Old Seventh, the same question. However, Si Wuya had only given him a vague answer. Who knew maybe his eldest senior brother would give him a straight answer?

#### **Chapter 145: A Red Hand is Needed to Open the Box**

Yu Zhenghai drank three cups of wine consecutively. Each time, the Tiger Ridge Gang’s member next to him would refill his cup. “If I didn’t leave the Evil Sky Pavilion, I would’ve died.”

Mingshi Yin and Zhu Honggong were stunned.

“It’s that bad?”

Yu Zhenghai nodded calmly and said, “Forget it. Let’s not talk about this. Come, let’s have a drink.”

“...” Mingshi Yin emptied another cup with a perplexed expression on his face.

“Another.”

“Uh...”

Everyone in the Evil Sky Pavilion knew that Yu Zhenghai loved to drink. He could care less about other matters, but he would insist on drinking to his heart’s content when it came to wine.

Mingshi Yin was starting to feel queasy after a few cups of strong wine. “Eldest Senior Brother, we’ve reminisced and drank. The box...”

“Old Fourth, if I were to say that I want to keep this box to myself, what would you do?” Yu Zhenghai put his wine cup down and looked at Mingshi Yin seriously.

“I can’t disobey master’s orders. You should know his temper, Eldest Senior Brother... I’m only acting on orders. If I don’t return with the box, master will definitely punish me,” Mingshi Yin replied.

Yu Zhenghai chuckled lightly and said, “You weren’t like this before. Junior Brother Wuya told me about your changes in his letter. He said you’re much more well-behaved now. Looks like he’s right.”

“Old Seventh sure likes to gossip...” Mingshi Yin muttered.

“He’s praising you. He wasn’t badmouthing you, there’s no need to take it to heart.”

“That’s fine, then.”

Yu Zhenghai glanced at Zhu Honggong, Old Eighth, before he shifted his eyes back to Mingshi Yin. Then, he said, “Master is getting old, and the Evil Sky Pavilion’s days of glory have passed. Master might be able to hold out this year, but what about next year, the year after, or 10 years later?”

“Eldest Senior Brother, I know what you mean... I know master is getting old and won’t be able to overcome his life limit. I’ve thought about that,” Mingshi Yin said, “However, master is still alive and well



now. We shouldn't talk about things that have yet to happen. We can only leave tomorrow's worries for tomorrow."

"Well said." Yu Zhenghai clapped his hands when he heard Mingshi Yin's words.

Zhu Honggong followed suit. "That was a great speech, Fourth Senior Brother!"

Mingshi Yin rolled his eyes at Zhu Honggong before he said chidingly, "Just keep eating..."

Zhu Honggong resumed working with his bowl and chopsticks. He would occasionally steal a glance at them. 'Two big bosses whom I can't offend are talking to each other. Why am I butting into their conversation?'

After Yu Zhenghai offered his praise, he turned solemn as he said, "Old Fourth, if you have nowhere else to turn to in the future, know that you have a place in my Nether Sect."

Mingshi Yin cupped his fists together and said, "Thank you for the kind offer, Eldest Senior Brother. I heard that even the Nether Sect's four great protectors possess cultivation bases of Six-leaf and above. However, I'll definitely garner people's hatred if I join your sect due to our connection."

"I'm the one calling the shots in the Nether Sect." Yu Zhenghai's words were filled with confidence. When he saw that Mingshi Yin was about to say something again, he continued, "Don't be in a hurry to reject my offer. The future is uncertain. It's always better to leave yourself with an escape route than a dead end, don't you think?"

Mingshi Yin was silent. He cupped his fists together again. Then, he raised his wine cup and emptied it.

Zhu Honggong asked shamelessly, "Eldest Senior Brother... won't you take my Tiger Ridge Gang into the Nether Sect?"

Yu Zhenghai waved his hand and said, "Manage your gang well."

"..." Zhu Honggong felt a scornful gaze.

There was a brief moment of silence.

Then, Mingshi Yin rose to his feet slowly. He cupped his fists at Yu Zhenghai and said, "Master has ordered me to bring the box back. Please hand over the box, Eldest Senior Brother."

Rattle!

Zhu Honggong's chopsticks fell on the table. "Fourth Senior Brother, you're too audacious. How can you speak to Eldest Senior Brother in that tone?" Inwardly, he thought to himself, 'This is bad! If Eldest Senior Brother loses his temper, my stronghold is done for!' He looked at Yu Zhenghai furtively from the corners of his eyes.

Yu Zhenghai was not angered. Instead, he seemed calm. He poured himself another cup of wine before drinking it. After that, he placed the wine cup down and nodded slightly. He said, "You may take the box... Send my regards to master. Tell him that Yu Zhenghai's heart lies with the Evil Sky Pavilion although his body may be in the nine continents and four seas."

Mingshi Yin replied, "Thank you, Eldest Senior Brother. I'll convey your message."

Yu Zhenghai waved his hand. The mysterious box in the corner floated toward Mingshi Yin.

Mingshi Yin caught it with a single hand. It seemed as light as a feather. "Old Eighth... I'm returning to the Evil Sky Pavilion. If I have time, I'll come visit you often."

"Huh? You don't have to... There's no need to be so courteous. I'd welcome you anytime!" Zhu Honggong said.

Mingshi Yin nodded. He turned around and walked out of the stronghold.

"Have a safe journey, Fourth Senior Brother," Zhu Honggong said.

In just a blink of an eye, Mingshi Yin vanished.

Zhu Honggong wiped away the sweat from his face and said, "Eldest Senior Brother, that was rude of Fourth Senior Brother to talk to you like that. If he weren't that scrawny, I would've given him a good beating!"

"Hm?"

"Uh, of course, you wouldn't trouble yourself over such trivial matters, Eldest Senior Brother. However, it's a shame about the box," Zhu Honggong said.

"That box is made from a special material. Even the four great protectors couldn't break it open. The final key to open it is in master's hands. It's useless for us to hold on to the box."

"Really? If the box is that hardy, we can just use it as a weapon," Zhu Honggong said flippantly.

Yu Zhenghai looked at Zhu Honggong again.

"E-eldest... Eldest Senior Brother, I've misspoken."

"No, you have a point this time."

"..."

A box that could not be broken by heaven-grade weapons was an indestructible treasure!

Zhu Honggong pinched his own thigh. He was filled with regret. Everyone's attention had been focused on the content of the box and had forgotten the most basic fact.

...

Meanwhile, Mingshi Yin had returned to the Evil Sky Pavilion. He instantly made his way to the great hall.

"Little Junior Sister, where's master?" Mingshi Yin walked in while carrying the box.

"Fourth Senior Brother, you've returned! Master didn't think you'd returned so soon so he has gone into the hidden chamber."

Mingshi Yin nodded and said, "I had bad luck. I ran into Eldest Senior Brother. Fortunately, I was firm enough, and I gave him a good talking-to. He knows he's in the wrong and didn't dare to talk back. After that, he handed the box over."

Little Yuan'er clapped and said, "We can always count on you to get the job done, Fourth Senior Brother!"

Mingshi Yin nodded. The two of them passed by the great hall and walked toward the hidden chamber.

When they were outside the hidden chamber, Mingshi Yin bowed and said, "Master, I'm pleased to report to you that I have completed my mission. I have returned with the box."

Lu Zhou heard Mingshi Yin's voice inside the hidden chamber and opened his eyes. He sat cross-legged on the bed and asked through voice projection, "What's the condition of the box?"

"Senior Brothers and Seventh Junior Brother didn't give me a hard time. They had unlocked the box with their weapons. All that's left is the Amorous Hoop, and the box will be unlocked," Mingshi Yin replied.

Whizz!

The hidden chamber's door slid open slowly.

Lu Zhou emerged with his hands on his back. His gaze fell on the box in Mingshi Yin's hands immediately.

Mingshi Yin was secretly elated. 'Since I've done a wonderful job this time, shouldn't master offer me some sort of reward?'

Lu Zhou ignored Mingshi Yin as he appraised the box. Indeed. Only the Amorous Hoop's pattern remained unchanged. 'I hope the content of this mysterious box isn't something useless.'

He mumbled to himself, "A red hand is needed to open the box."

#### **Chapter 146: A Good Deal**

'A red hand?'

Mingshi Yin and Little Yuan'er were puzzled by this. They looked at their master who was deep in thought.

Lu Zhou kept nodding and shaking his head. After pondering for a moment, he said, "You're dismissed."

"Yes, master"

"Yes, master"

The two of them left obediently.

Lu Zhou did not think it was prudent to have them around. After all, he did not know what was in the box. If it turned out to be something wonderful, it might be awkward if they saw it. He brought the box into the hidden chamber.

Inside the hidden chamber.

Lu Zhou waved his arm casually. The box landed on the floor. He glanced at the system dashboard.

"Amorous Hoop."

Ye Tianxin's Amorous Hoop floated before him. It was glowing faintly.

A weapon that had acknowledged its master and activated its grade was clearly extraordinary even without any Primal Qi activating it.

Lu Zhou wielded the Amorous Hoop with his energy. He guided it into the groove on the box.

Clack!

The sound of something being triggered rang in the air.

A groove appeared before the box split in half. The two halves slid to the sides.

“Ding! You have successfully unlocked the mysterious treasure box. Reward: 1,000 merit points.”

“Obtained items: Ji Tiandao’s Peak Trial Card x1, Nirvana Sash, Refining Talisman x3, Six Recombinant Trigram Lines.”

Lu Zhou was taken aback. Since he transmigrated here, his heart had grown numb to emotions. However, he felt a slight excitement at this moment.

‘Ji Tiandao’s Peak Trial Card! Even if it only lasts for 30 minutes, this is still a terrifying ace up my sleeve! After all that bad luck, it seems like I’ve finally hit the jackpot!’

This was much more exciting than obtaining a double Warglaive of Azzinoth in World of Warcraft! Perhaps, Lu Zhou had completely immersed himself in this character, his excitement was much more subdued compared to what he would have felt in his previous life.

Lu Zhou stared at the Ji Tiandao’s Peak Trial Card for a long time. When he finally calmed down, he muttered to himself, “I should learn from my mistakes and not use this unless it’s absolutely necessary.”

Then, he turned to look at the other items. “Nirvana Sash?”

“Dormant weapon, Nirvana Sash. Suggested owner: Ci Yuan’er.”

He had never seen a weapon like this before. Hence, he did not know what to think about the Nirvana Sash. However, since it belonged to his disciple, it was meaningless for him to keep it. It was a piece of cloth, it would be awkward for him to wield it. A man’s weapon should be more masculine. This was good, he no longer had to fret about finding a weapon for Yuan’er.

“Refining Talisman. Can be used to refine heaven, earth, mystic, and yellow-grade weapons that have already recognized their owners.”

Refining weapons had always been a difficult task in the cultivation world. Those who killed for weapons would be troubled if the weapons they obtained were those that had already recognized their masters. A weapon that had recognized its owner usually had very high compatibilities with its original owner. If another cultivator wanted to break this bond and forge a new bond, they would have to refine the weapon.

The conditions for refinement were strict. It required the cultivator’s Primal Qi as the fire to re-forged it and a special energy stone used specifically for refining weapons. The energy stone would improve the weapon’s qualities, which, naturally, meant that they were rare and precious.

“Not bad.”

Lu Zhou suddenly recalled the heaven-grade weapon, the Life Cutter, that Mingshi Yin retrieved after killing Zhang Qiuchi. If he did not have the Refining Talisman, the Life Cutter would only be a mystic-grade weapon. If it was refined again and recognized a new master, it would become a heaven-grade weapon.

“Life Cutter!”

Life Cutter hovered before Lu Zhou. At the same time, a Refining Talisman appeared in his hand. With just a thought, the Refining Talisman released a faint fiery-red glow in the space half a meter before him. It was as if tongues of flames were wrapping themselves around the hovering Life Cutter. This unique flame burned Life Cutter until it was completely red and sizzling hot.

Lu Zhou was slightly surprised by this. He had Ji Tiandao’s memories so he was quite knowledgeable. However, he did not recall seeing any refinement method that employed this kind of flame in his memories.

Sizzle! Sizzle! Sizzle!

Life Cutter seemed like it was about to melt. The Refining Talisman among the flames released some energy to maintain Life Cutter’s shape.

Lu Zhou was just wondering how long this process would take when...

“Ding! Refinement complete. Obtained a dormant weapon, Life Cutter.”

“It’s done?”

The speed of refinement exceeded Lu Zhou’s expectations. Usually, refining a heaven-grade weapon again would take half a year to five years. This was discounting the time required to prepare the necessary materials. However, he had easily refined the weapon with the Refining Talisman. It was only natural for him to feel shocked.

Life Cutter was still hovering in midair. It was completely red now. However, as it cooled down, only a fiery-red tinge remained. Well, it seemed like there was no need to plunge it into a bucket of water.

“Let’s leave it be for now...” Since Lu Zhou had Unnamed, a weapon that could morph into any shape he liked, he was not overly interested in other weapons. He waved an arm and recalled Life Cutter.

Lu Zhou had used a Refining Talisman so he was currently left with two.

Lu Zhou turned his attention to the final reward from the treasure box. “Six Recombinant Trigram Lines...”

This avatar was sold for 12,000 merit points. However, he bought the mysterious box for 2,000 merit points! This was a good deal.

Lu Zhou equipped the Six Recombinant Trigram Lines without hesitation.

The Six Recombinant Trigram Lines avatar was an important symbol of maturity of a Brahman Sea cultivator’s cultivation base. It was a sign that the cultivator had moved past stabilizing their cultivation base.

This meant that Lu Zhou could channel his Primal Qi through his Extraordinary Eight Meridians now.

Lu Zhou's eight meridians had already been connected. Therefore, when the Six Recombinant Trigram Lines released its power, it immediately raised his cultivation base to the corresponding level. Previously, he was in the pre-Brahman Sea Eight Meridians stage. Now, he was a true cultivator with all Brahman Sea Eight Meridians connected.

...

While Lu Zhou was improving his cultivation base, there was a slight disturbance in the Evil Sky Pavilion. Little Yuan'er and Mingshi Yin had sensed Primal Qi from the hidden chamber.

Mingshi Yin was wiser now. He smiled faintly. "Little Junior Sister, there's no need to check... Master must be trying out some other cultivation methods from another sect."

Little Yuan'er blinked and asked, "Cultivation methods from another sect?"

"When someone connected their eight meridians previously, I thought there was an intruder... Fortunately, my only punishment was being sent to the Cave of Reflection... Master is cultivating a cultivation method from another sect. This disturbance is only at the Brahman Sea realm, at most."

"Oh." Little Yuan'er nodded.

"Don't forget... Zuo Xinchan was sent to the Western Paradise by master's Buddhist technique, the Fearless Seal," Mingshi Yin said in a voice laden with awe.

"You've got a point, Fourth Senior Brother. I should go and cultivate..." Little Yuan'er felt that she was too lazy sometimes. Even her master was working hard despite his old age. On the contrary, she spent her days idling away.

"Little Junior Sister, the path of cultivation is long, and you shouldn't rush things. You have a rare talent. Who knows, your seniors might need your protection in the future," Mingshi Yin said teasingly.

Little Yuan'er giggled, clearly pleased with the compliment. However, her face turned solemn, and she said with a scoff, "I won't protect you all!" When she finished speaking, she turned and ran away.

Mingshi Yin scratched his head and wondered to himself. He treated his little junior sister well enough, and he had not offended her. Why was she treating him with this kind of attitude?

At this moment, Zhao Yue hurried into the great hall.

"Fourth Senior Brother, there's a disturbance in Tangzi Town. It seems like someone's trying to oppose us."

### **Chapter 147: A Neglected Treasure**

"Someone's opposing us?" Mingshi Yin was puzzled. "How did you find out about this?"

Although Tangzi Town was near the Evil Sky Pavilion, there was still quite some distance between the two.

The people from the Evil Sky Pavilion would not leave Golden Court Mountain for no reason. When their master wanted information about the outside world, he would send Little Yuan'er to Tangzi Town's relay station. Little Yuan'er had not gone out lately, and there was no need to consider Zhao Yue since she had been tending to her injuries and recovering her cultivation base lately.

"Someone informed me about it."

"Who?"

"It was a mortal, but I think he's sent by someone else. I've dispatched several female disciples to go undercover and investigate this matter in Tangzi Town. They confirmed there's something amiss in Tangzi Town."

Zhao Yue paused before continuing, "There are 3,000 mounted soldiers stationed at Tangzi Town, but that's nothing to worry about. Apart from that, there are more than 30 red-robed cultivators in and around Tangzi Town."

Mingshi Yin felt slightly speechless. "If I didn't know better, I would think you're talking about lost souls and rogue ghouls."

"Uh... Fourth Senior Brother, that's not the point."

"Continue."

"I suspect this group of red-robed cultivators are the descendants of the Ten Shamans. Two of them came here the other day after all," Zhao Yue said.

A contemptuous expression appeared on Mingshi Yin's face as he said, "What's all this fuss about? Master didn't even give them a hard time."

"They are from the palace after all. They're masters of the shadows... They put up a show of being wary of the Evil Sky Pavilion's strength on the surface, but it's highly possible that they're scheming behind the scene," Zhao Yue said.

Mingshi Yin nodded. He studied Zhao Yue for a moment before he said, "Mhm, leave this to me..."

"Thank you, Fourth Senior Brother."

"How's your recovery coming along?" Mingshi Yin asked.

"I'm about halfway there. My Brilliant Jade Technique has the advantage of natural self-healing. When master completed my cultivation method, it helped me greatly in my cultivation," Zhao Yue replied.

"That's good..." Mingshi Yin nodded.

Whizz!

The buzz of moving machinery rang from the hidden chamber's direction.

Lu Zhou sauntered out. He went through the corridor and arrived at the great hall with his hands on his back.

"Greetings, master."

“Greetings, master.”

Lu Zhou glanced at both of them.

There was no fluctuation in Mingshi Yin’s loyalty after he retrieved the box. This surprised Lu Zhou slightly. Si Wuya and Yu Zhenghai were adept in winning others over, and yet, Mingshi Yin was not swayed. This meant Lu Zhou’s various actions before this had played their parts.

Zhao Yue’s loyalty had increased tremendously. Although it was not at 70% yet, it was clearly on a rising trend.

Lu Zhou said, “I heard your conversation.”

Mingshi Yin bowed and said, “Master... these people have no scruples. They appear as though they want to make peace with the Evil Sky Pavilion on the surface, but they’re scheming against us in the dark. I’m willing to descend the mountain and teach them a lesson!”

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, “I don’t think it’s that simple... Since Mo Li knows about the Evil Sky Pavilion’s strength, she would’ve come prepared.”

“What do you mean, master?”

“The Ten Shamans were masters of Formations. Although Wu Sheng and Wu Guan tried their best to conceal their cultivation bases, I know they aren’t any weaker than a Four-leaf cultivator.”

Mingshi Yin and Zhao Yue were stunned to hear this.

In the cultivation world, there were many low-level cultivators. One would only be regarded as a newly-initiated cultivator once they entered the Brahman Sea realm and could travel in the air. When a cultivator entered the Divine Court realm, it could be regarded as a minor achievement. Only when a cultivator was in the Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm could he be considered as an expert and established his name in the cultivation world.

The difference in strength from One-leaf to Three-leaf was not that great. However, from Four-leaf and above, the addition of a single leaf meant a huge leap in power.

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan appeared ordinary, but they, surprisingly, had a Four-leaf cultivation base!

“Master, are you telling me that we should let them do as they please under our noses?” Mingshi Yin asked.

Lu Zhou shook his head. If the Peak Trial Cards were not extremely precious, he would have gone over and crushed them all with his own hands. He mulled over it for a moment before he asked, “Where’s our flying chariot?”

Mingshi Yin said, “The cloud-penetrating flying chariot is parked at the north pavilion. It’s been a while since it was last used.” He thought about it for a moment before he added, “Master, you have mounts, don’t you? Riding a flying chariot... isn’t befitting of your status.”

“My mounts can’t carry too many people with... Since they want to cause a scene, we’ll bring a few people and play with them.”



A thought appeared in Mingshi Yin's mind when he heard Lu Zhou's words. 'Master is going to bring his disciples out to have a killing fest... It's been a long time since we last did something like this! I'm getting goosebumps just thinking about it!'

Mingshi Yin hastily bowed and said, "Master, I'll have the flying chariot cleaned at once! It'll be ready in no time!"

"Go, then!"

Mingshi Yin ran out excitedly.

Lu Zhou looked at Zhao Yue. She had joined the pavilion quite early on, but her cultivation base was more than a tad lower than Ye Tianxin's cultivation base. She was still in the peak Divine Court realm. Clearly, the defects in the Brilliant Jade Technique had affected her greatly. On top of that, she did not have a weapon that she could use. She would not be of any help to him. When he thought about this, he realized Zhao Yue and Little Yuan'er both needed a weapon.

'Little Yuan'er has the Nirvana Sash. What weapon should be given to Zhao Yue? Life Cutter?' Lu Zhou pictured Life Cutter in his mind. 'It's huge and heavy. Will it be awkward for a delicate lady to wield such a weapon?'

Lu Zhou asked, "How's your Brilliant Jade Technique coming along?"

"In reply to your question, master, I'm improving a lot. My cultivation base has been improving since you completed my cultivation method. I won't let you down, master," Zhao Yue said earnestly.

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "Alas, you're cultivating the Brilliant Jade Technique. I don't have a suitable weapon for you at the moment."

Zhao Yue hastily fell to her knees and lowered her head. "I'm content with what I have. I can ask for nothing more, let alone asking you to bestow a weapon to me!"

Lu Zhou noticed that her loyalty went up by 2%. He was surprised that his offhand remark had this effect. Based on this, he could see how harsh Ji Tiandao was to his disciples. Finally, he waved his hand and said, "You're dismissed."

"I'll take my leave, master." Zhao Yue stood up and left the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Lu Zhou was still thinking about the weapon. 'The box?' He returned to the hidden chamber and looked at the two halves of the box.

"This box can withstand a blow from Unnamed. It's definitely not something ordinary." The cogs in Lu Zhou's mind began to turn. 'Si Wuya, Yu Shangrong, and Yu Zhenghai must've wanted to see what was in the box as well. Clearly, they weren't able to do that.'

Lu Zhou noticed that all of the box's six faces had grooves. There were three on the left and three on the right.

Lu Zhou waved his hand.

Clack! Clack! Clack!

The three grooves on the left contracted and connected into a strange shape!

He waved his hand again.

The three grooves on the right assembled themselves as well. They formed the same shape as the grooves on the left side.

“What’s this?” Lu Zhou did not recognize this. There did not seem to be such a shape among the Eighteen Arms! It was not round nor was it square. It was an irregular shape.

“Ding! Recovered weapon, Tear Stain Box. Default form: boxing gloves.”

This box was actually a weapon!

Upon closer inspection, Lu Zhou discovered the two items did, indeed, resemble boxing gloves.

A pair of boxing gloves that could withstand attacks from heaven-grade weapons! There was no doubt this was a heaven-grade weapon as well! It seemed like this box had been a neglected treasure from the very beginning!

#### **Chapter 148: The Cloud-splitting Chariot**

However, Lu Zhou did not see a recommendation regarding its owner. The weapons he obtained before this would have recommended owners, but this box did not.

‘Shouldn’t it recommend Zhao Yue?’ An image of Zhao Yue’s hands becoming iron hammers appeared in Lu Zhou’s mind. ‘Uh... That looks unnatural. In any case, there’s no doubt this is a treasure, and it’s not inferior to Life Cutter.’

Lu Zhou recalled the weapon and exited the hidden chamber. When he arrived in the great hall, he noticed Little Yuan’er and Zhao Yue there.

‘Zhao Yue did not return to cultivate?’

When she saw her master appearing, Zhao Yue bowed and said, “Greetings, master.”

“What’s the matter?”

“Seventh Junior Brother has sent word that the Fiend Temple’s Master, Ren Buping, is also in Tangzi Town. Moreover...”

“Say it.”

“Moreover, the descendants of the Ten Shamans are laying a Formation. They intend on taking down Golden Court Mountain’s barrier!” Zhao Yue said.

Lu Zhou was slightly startled inwardly, but his expression remained calm. He said, “Can Old Seventh’s information be trusted?”

Little Yuan’er spoke with an annoyed tone, “Seventh Senior Brother isn’t the only one who sent word. Jiang Aijian sent a letter as well confirming this. Master, look... They put on a show about making peace, and yet, they’re scheming against us. We should’ve just chopped them into eight pieces the other day.” While she cursed, she took out Jiang Aijian’s letter.

Si Wuya and Jiang Aijian notified him of the same thing at the same time... Lu Zhou stroked his beard and considered this. Everyone knew how powerful the Golden Court Mountain's barrier was. When the ten great elites laid siege on Golden Court Mountain before this, they were helpless for a long time when it came to the barrier. However, it would be a different story if they tried to take down the barrier with a powerful Formation. Moreover, the Formation was being laid by the descendants of the Ten Shamans, and the witchcraft expert, Mo Li. With their expertise, it should not be a problem for them to undo the mountain's barrier without anyone noticing.

Lu Zhou had to be careful when dealing with this matter. What reason could he use to act against them? He could not possibly wait until the barrier was down before he attacked them. He shook his head. 'No. We're the Evil Sky Pavilion! Since when do we need a reason to do things?'

Lu Zhou spoke, "Tell Mingshi Yin to hurry up. Also, bring Fan Xiuwen and the Dark Knights."

'In that case, we should bring the fight to them!'

"Yes, master."

...

Inside Evil Sky Pavilion's north pavilion.

Mingshi Yin led several female disciples to clean up the flying chariot.

This was the Evil Sky Pavilion's largest flying chariot, the cloud-splitting chariot. It was narrowly oval in shape and its upper part was streamlined. It was built completely from rare materials. The chariot was more than 100 feet long and 300 feet wide. It was completely covered in Formation veins and complicated yet gorgeous patterns.

Its color was slightly dark, and it appeared ordinary at first glance. However, upon closer inspection, one would be able to see the Formation veins and ornamental patterns were carefully arranged. When Primal Qi was infused into it, they would produce a shocking effect. When the flying chariot crossed the night sky, it would seem like a falling meteor.

A small flying chariot could be pulled by beasts. However, it could only accommodate a couple of passengers and was limited in practicality. Huge flying chariots such as this one were comparable to a moving house.

Mingshi Yin stood nearby and mulled over this matter with his hands on his back. He switched between stroking his chin and scratching his head as he muttered, "How is the flying chariot going to fly when we don't have enough hands on deck?"

To move such a huge flying chariot, they would need at least 30 Brahman Sea cultivators and five Divine Court realm cultivators. They would also need more than 20 Brahman Sea realm cultivators to rotate with the others.

It would have been impressive for ordinary minor sects to be able to send out one Divine Court realm cultivator. Brahman Sea Eight Meridians cultivators were the mainstays of these sects.

When the Yun, Tian, and Luo Sects initially joined forces, they picked more than 10 Divine Court realm cultivators out of their tens of thousands of disciples to work with Ye Tianxin to oppose Lu Zhou.

However, they were killed with just a single strike. The three sects suffered a huge loss, it was impossible for them not to hold a grudge against the Evil Sky Pavilion after losing that many elites.

“You, come here.” Mingshi Yin pointed at one of the female disciples.

“Mister Fourth, your orders?”

“How many female cultivators are there in Derived Moon Palace? What’s the highest cultivation base?”

“In reply to your question, Mister Fourth, we have 10 Mystic Enlightening realm cultivators, 10 Sense Condensing realm cultivators, and 20 Brahman Sea realm cultivators.”

“You don’t have any in the Divine Court realm?”

The female disciple shook her head. We had three Divine Court realm cultivators, but one of them defected, and the other two were killed by the Fiend Temple after the Palace Master was abducted.”

Mingshi Yin felt awkward as he said, “So, even Junior Sister Tianxin’s Derived Moon Palace has defectors. I see that she doesn’t have a firm hold on her followers as well.”

“That’s why Palace Master has set a rule that those who join the Derived Moon Palace must remain chaste.”

“That’s harsh!” Mingshi Yin’s gaze was slightly complicated as he looked at the other female disciples.

The female disciple bowed slightly and went back to her work.

Mingshi Yin scratched his head again. There were only 20 Brahman Sea realm cultivators. They were still short of hands. This would make things difficult for them.

Some flying chariots had to be powered by cultivators from the outside. For this alone, the cultivators had to be capable of walking on air. The cloud-splitting chariot could be powered from within, but the problem was they did not have enough manpower.

“Mister Fourth, you called?” Pan Zhong and Zhou Jifeng bowed at Mingshi Yin.

“Both of you came just in time... Take a look at this flying chariot. What do you think?”

“The cloud-splitting chariot! This is a famous chariot. The pavilion master rode this chariot when he roamed the lands of Great Yan and Rongbei many years ago. His name had shocked the lands at that time.”

“That’s all good. Would you like a ride? I can tell you’re dying to get on. It’s alright, all you have to do is to help out later... No matter how good the flying chariot is, it would be a waste if it stays grounded,” Mingshi Yin said proudly.

“Uh...”

“You have something to say?”

“No, no. We’re more than willing to do it.” Zhou Jifeng and Pan Zhong hastily nodded.

Zhou Jifeng was the Heavenly Sword Sect's first disciple. His cultivation base was in the Divine Court realm. On the other hand, Pan Zhong was from the Clarity Sect. Although these two were slightly more powerful than ordinary Divine Court realm cultivators, they were still short on hands.

'Little Junior Sister? Forget it. Little Junior Sister doesn't seem to be in a good mood these days.'

'Hua Wudao... He's now an elder of the Evil Sky Pavilion, after all. Also, he possesses a Six-leaf cultivation base. It would be insulting for a Six-leaf cultivator to be used as a flying chariot's power source. It would also be an insult to his identity.'

"Fourth Senior Brother..." Zhao Yue hurried up to Mingshi Yin.

"What's the matter?"

"Master is asking you to hurry up," Zhao Yue said.

"Fifth Junior Sister, just as well. We're short of hands here... With you here, we now have three Divine Court realm cultivators... However, I think we're still slightly short of people," Mingshi Yin said with a frown.

When they were still discussing this matter, Lu Zhou arrived at the north pavilion.

Apart from Lu Zhou, Fan Xiuwen and the Dark Knights, Yue Chong and Duan Yanhong, were also present. The three of them were heavily guarded. Little Yuan'er, Duanmu Sheng, and Hua Wudao flanked them. They walked abreast with Lu Zhou as he sauntered over.

The other bowed.

"Master!"

"Pavilion Master."

Lu Zhou glanced at the cloud-splitting chariot. He nodded with satisfaction and said, "Get on."

Mingshi Yin said, "Master, Tangzi Town isn't far from Golden Court Mountain... Why don't we walk there? Using the flying chariot would draw a lot of attention."

Little Yuan'er covered her mouth and giggled. She said, "Fourth Senior Brother, are you telling master to walk?"

Hua Wudao spoke with his hands on his back. "The cloud-splitting chariot has explosive speed. I heard the descendants of the Ten Shamans are in Tangzi Town right now. They're skilled in Grand Witchcraft Formations. This chariot can bypass the Formation's effects... Also, it's a great means to chase down our enemies. Grand Techniques are too taxing, after all. Since we have a flying chariot, we should put it to good use."

"Uh..." Mingshi Yin was rendered speechless by this.

The others leaped onto the flying chariot.

Several female cultivators tossed Fan Xiuwen and the others onto the chariot.

Fan Xiuwen spoke with a sour expression, "It's useless to bring me along. She won't be threatened by you. Although I'm the leader of the Black Knights, life and death don't matter to me anymore."

"Shut up! A lowly prisoner has no right to babble on and on!" Little Yuan'er snapped.

Shortly after, everyone was in the flying chariot.

"Why aren't we moving? Come on... It's been a long time since I rode the cloud-splitting chariot!" Little Yuan'er urged.

Mingshi Yin shook his head helplessly. He had no choice but to bow and say, "We're still short of two Divine Court realm cultivators to make this chariot fly."

Lu Zhou waved his hand and said, "Mingshi Yin."

"Yes, master."

"You'll take the helm. A Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm cultivator can take the place of 10 Divine Court realm cultivators," Lu Zhou said.

"Uh..." Mingshi Yin complained in dismay inwardly, 'No way! Why is it me again?' He hastily said, "Master, I'm one of the Evil Sky Pavilion's main forces. For me to power the flying chariot... isn't it slightly... you know..."

Lu Zhou's gaze fell upon Mingshi Yin.

"Yu Zhenghai had taken the helm for 10 years, and he had never complained... Are you more precious than him?" Lu Zhou said indifferently.

"I dare not suggest that! It's only a thoughtless comment. I'll take the helm right away! I'm the best at steering, anyway!" Mingshi Yin quickly corrected his attitude. At the same time, he leaped onto the flying chariot and took the helm just as he was told.

Duanmu Sheng leaped onto the chariot as well. He patted Mingshi Yin's shoulder and said, "Hey, don't look at me. Master has ordered me to keep an eye on our prisoners. There can't be any mistakes. Keep the chariot steady, okay?"

"..."

'Third Senior Brother, you seem like an honest person, but you're dark on the inside!' Mingshi Yin appeared to be in pain. He placed a palm on the cloud-splitting chariot's helm.

The others took their places.

The instant Primal Qi was injected.

Whizz!

After being idle for a long time, the resonance was much more impressive than before!

The vigorous energy activated the Formation veins and patterns of the flying chariot, and the cloud-splitting chariot lit up brilliantly!

The Primal Qi exuded from the Formation veins condensed into energy which pushed against the air outside, forming the thrust.

The skies above the north pavilion seemed to stir. The huge skiff slowly rose into the air while dragging a long tail behind!

### **Chapter 149: How Dare You Plot Against Golden Court Mountain?**

The cloud-splitting chariot rose into the air and hovered for a moment.

The female cultivators who did not have the chance to board the chariot could not help but look at the sky. From their vantage point, the chariot looked like a glowing boat.

Mingshi Yin suddenly felt that it was nice to man the helm at the bow. He could see Golden Court Mountain in its entirety. He said, "Off we go!"

The flying chariot moved forward.

"Tangzi Town isn't far away. Move at the slowest speed," Lu Zhou ordered.

"Yes, master."

The chariot slowed down. The others walked to the sides of the flying chariot and looked down at the land, mountains, forests, and rivers. Some unique beasts could be seen flitting in and out of the clouds. The sun's rays shone on the flying chariot through the layers of clouds. The scenery was very pleasing to the eyes.

Lu Zhou said, "Elder Hua... Shall we?"

Hua Wudao was overwhelmed by this favor. He hastily made an inviting gesture as well and allowed Lu Zhou to walk ahead of him. The two of them walked abreast to the bow of the flying chariot. They stood at the best spot and enjoyed the scenic view.

"The Yun Sect has two flying chariots. One of them is used by the sect master while the other is used by the sect master's daughter. Even with the two combined, they still pale in comparison to this cloud-splitting chariot," Hua Wudao said sincerely.

Lu Zhou slowly said, "It's only a means of transport. It's not significant enough to mention."

"A means of transport? The way you speak is like a breath of fresh air, Pavilion Master." Hua Wudao nodded.

The cloud-splitting chariot continued moving forward.

Hua Wudao gave it some consideration and decided to speak his mind. "Fan Xiuwen is only a lowly prisoner. His cultivation base has been sealed. Since we're going up against the descendants of the Ten Shamans to demand an explanation, why are we bringing them along?"

"Fan Xiuwen is the leader of the Black Knights. He has a profound cultivation base. However, he's willing to kneel to me for Mo Li," Lu Zhou said.

"Are you saying that Mo Li might compromise for Fan Xiuwen?"

“Not necessarily.” Lu Zhou stroked his beard and continued, “With Fan Xiuwen’s knowledge and temper, I wonder what kind of woman would make him this subservient and even fearless of death?” Fan Xiuwen did not strike him as the type to be hopelessly infatuated.

Hua Wudao shook his head helplessly. “Witchcraft?”

“Possibly.”

“As expected...” Hua Wudao appeared slightly shocked. “I thought that such evil controlling methods were long lost. I didn’t expect to see it in this time and age.”

“There are plenty of strange things in the great wide world,” Lu Zhou said.

The flying chariot flew on.

When it was approaching Tangzi Town, some cultivators traveling at a lower altitude saw the flying chariot.

“A flying chariot! It’s a flying chariot!”

“Which great sect’s flying chariot is this?”

“I can’t see the flag... There aren’t any inscriptions as well.”

It was only natural for the younger cultivators to not recognize the cloud-splitting chariot.

When the older cultivators saw it, their eyes widened, and they reminded the younger ones anxiously, “This is the cloud-splitting chariot. It belongs to the Evil Sky Pavilion’s Ji Tiandao!”

“The Evil Sky Pavilion’s flying chariot?”

The cultivators landed. Some of them looked at the cloud-splitting chariot passing over their heads fearfully. The more cowardly ones ran away without even thinking.

“Back in the days, Ji Tiandao rode this very chariot as he roamed the lands.”

“Isn’t Ji Tiandao supposed to be guarding the Golden Court Mountain and enjoying his final years since his life’s limit is almost up?”

“Even a scrawny camel is bigger than a horse... Don’t forget, when the ten great elites laid siege on Golden Court Mountain previously, they were soundly defeated.”

The cultivators around Tangzi Town were all looking at the chariot. When the Evil Sky Pavilion’s patriarch was mentioned, none of them could keep their expressions from changing.

Shortly after, the cloud-splitting chariot passed by various mountains and was almost upon Tangzi Town.

Pan Zhong looked down at the lands. He frowned and said, “Pavilion Master, look at this. There’s a dense fog rising from below. It looks fishy.”

“You’re right... It’s a perfectly sunny day. Why would there be fog?” Zhou Jifeng said, puzzled.



“A Grand Witchcraft Formation?” Little Yuan’er suggested. After all, she had been to Measure Heaven River with Lu Zhou. Apart from its color, the dense fog on the ground was exactly the same as the Grand Witchcraft Formation she witnessed the other day.

“Judging by its appearance, it doesn’t look like something that could be completed in seven days...” Pan Zhong said with a frown.

Mingshi Yin glanced at Pan Zhong and said, “This only means they’ve long prepared this Grand Formation before they went up to the Evil Sky Pavilion.

The others were surprised.

Hua Wudao looked at Lu Zhou.

Lu Zhou looked calm, and there were no changes in his expression.

“It seems like that person in the palace has no intention of making peace in the first place,” Hua Wudao said.

“It’s to be expected.” Lu Zhou was not surprised. When he saw the thickness of the fog, he knew this was no ordinary Grand Formation. They had prepared this for a long time. He was right to have brought the cloud-splitting chariot.

“Mingshi Yin.”

“Yes, master.”

“Go around Golden Court Mountain.”

“Roger!” Mingshi Yin seemed to be in high spirits at this moment.

Hua Wudao nodded. “Wise move, Pavilion Master.”

“Know yourself, know your enemy, and you’ll survive 100 battles,” Lu Zhou said.

The cloud-splitting chariot suddenly accelerated. It was moving at a speed that was several times faster than before. The buildings and scenery on land blurred as the chariot sped up.

Pan Zhong solemnly observed the movement on land.

The Evil Sky Pavilion had always been feared and respected by the people in the world. Hence, aside from Tangzi Town, there were no other settlements nearby. Cultivators were also a rare sight in these parts.

As the flying chariot flew in the sky, they could see the peculiar thick fog rising from the ground at many locations. The rising fog seemed to be moving toward Golden Court Mountain slowly. Some of them had already made contact with the barrier!

Those who did not understand Formations would think this was a natural phenomenon.

The cloud-splitting chariot moved at an even faster speed.

Under Mingshi Yin's guidance, Zhao Yue, Pan Zhong, and Zhou Jifeng increased their output of Primal Qi. The effect of the dragging tail light appeared immediately.

Golden Court Mountain was huge. Going around it meant traveling for some distance. However, this was nothing for the cloud-splitting chariot.

A moment later, Mingshi Yin announced loudly, "We're almost at Tangzi Town again." He had intentionally added the word 'again' to tell everyone the cloud-splitting chariot was about to complete an orbit around the town.

Pan Zhong said, "Pavilion Master, it's clear there are only Formations three miles south of Golden Court Mountain in a semicircle. There aren't any Formations in other places."

Lu Zhou nodded and said, "The descendants of the Ten Shamans aren't the Ten Shamans, after all. They can't accomplish what the Ten Shamans could."

Hua Wudao chimed in, "The Ten Shamans were highly accomplished witchcraft cultivators... However, it's already a commendable feat for the descendants of the Ten Shamans to be able to lay a Grand Formation spanning three miles."

The cloud-splitting chariot slowed down. The glowing tail faded substantially as well.

Meanwhile, the red-robed cultivators who were preparing the Grand Formation around Tangzi Town stopped what they were doing and looked up into the sky. The huge cloud-splitting chariot had caught their attention.

The 30 red-robed cultivators quickly gathered into three rows.

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan looked at the chariot.

"It's the Evil Sky Pavilion's flying chariot."

A strange smile appeared on Wu Guan's face. "So, they couldn't wait in the end."

"The Fiend Temple has agreed to work with us. I wonder when they'll arrive?" A red-robed cultivator asked.

Before he received an answer...

Whizz!

The cloud-splitting chariot's sound reached them from the horizons.

At this moment, the cloud-splitting chariot was slowing down and descending.

When the Primal Qi was withdrawn, the glow from the cloud-splitting chariot faded as well. Without the radiance of its exterior, it resembled a flying skiff.

The flying chariot drew level with the trees and stayed there.

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan's eyes twitched as they witnessed the scene.

On the flying chariot, Lu Zhou and Hua Wudao stood at the helm, looking down at them from above.

The red-robed cultivators did not leave. Instead, they flew toward the flying chariot. They rose to the cloud-splitting chariot's level and bowed in unison.

"Wu Sheng offers his greetings to Old Senior Ji."

Lu Zhou observed the 30 red-robed cultivators with his hands on his back. He asked bluntly, "How's the Grand Formation coming along?"

Wu Sheng shuddered inwardly. The Evil Sky Pavilion was clearly aware of their Formation. However, that was not important. He quickly said, "What are you talking about, Pavilion Master? We're only ordered to stay in Tangzi Town for a few days."

Conversations such as this one served no other purpose other than to stall for time.

Lu Zhou asked, "Where's Mo Li?"

"Lady Mo... is in the Divine Capital. I wonder what business do you have with the lady, Pavilion Master? I can convey your message to the lady," Wu Sheng said again.

Lu Zhou looked at the red-robed cultivators indifferently. They were not afraid, secretly coveted the Evil Sky Pavilion, working to take down the mountain's barrier, and yet, they were playing dumb. Indeed. They were a hypocritical and shameless bunch of people. He said calmly, "I applaud you for your bravery."

The red-robed cultivators were taken aback. They had difficulty understanding Lu Zhou's words.

Mingshi Yin shouted coldly, "How dare you plot against Golden Court Mountain... Are you sick of living? You'd better destroy this Formation, kneel, and surrender. Perhaps, my master might spare your lives then."

### **Chapter 150: Deliberately**

Wu Sheng turned to look at Mingshi Yin who was standing at the helm. He wore an innocent expression on his face as he said, "Formation? I'm afraid I don't understand."

Lu Zhou shook his head and sighed before he said, "Duanmu Sheng, since they don't know what we're talking about, enlighten them..."

"Yes, master!" Duanmu Sheng was overjoyed. He brandished his Overlord Spear as he leaped off the flying chariot.

When Lu Zhou saw the chairs prepared by his disciples, he motioned to Hua Wudao to take a seat. "Please."

"Thank you."

Both of them were seated at the helm as they watched the battle in the air.

Wu Sheng did not expect the Evil Sky Pavilion would strike without warning. At this moment, he knew the Ten Shamans' descendants' plan had been exposed so he quickly said, "Retreat!"

The 30 red-robed cultivators fell back in the air. Their formation was scattered.

Duanmu Sheng, with his Overlord Spear in hand, made a beeline for Wu Sheng and Wu Guan.

Thousand Waves!

Wu Sheng frowned slightly. He raised his arms.

Bam!

A faint purplish light circle appeared before Wu Sheng and parried the spear shadows.

Both parties reeled from their first exchange.

‘As expected of a Nascent Divinity Tribulation realm witchcraft cultivator!’

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan hovered in front while the remaining 28 red-robed cultivators kept their distance. Currently, both their attitudes were completely different from when they were in the Evil Sky Pavilion.

Wu Sheng straightened his back and said, “I was sincere when I visited the Evil Sky Pavilion. Since the Evil Sky Pavilion is being unreasonable, I have no choice but to defend myself.”

Little Yuan’er who was standing on the edge of the flying chariot was incensed when she heard this. She cursed, “Shameless! Third Senior Brother, hit him!”

Duanmu Sheng did not bother wasting words with this person, his temper flaring up. They were clearly scheming against the Evil Sky Pavilion, and yet, they were acting so righteous. He spun his Overlord Spear, and the Primal Qi around him stirred. The Overlord Spear was wrapped in energy as he launched rapid attacks at his opponent.

The Divine One Spear Technique, Thousand Waves!

Thousands of spear shadows shot toward his target.

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan made hand seals at the same time. Two faint purplish light circles appeared and merged into a shield that protected them from Duanmu Sheng’s attacks.

Boom!

Both sides reeled from the exchange again.

However, Duanmu Sheng did not stop.

Their fight intensified.

The low-level cultivators near Tangzi Town did not dare to come close. They only watched from afar.

Hua Wudao praised, “Duanmu Sheng wields a heaven-grade weapon and can fight against two opponents at the same time. He’s truly fierce and brave.”

Lu Zhou shook his head. He was not pleased. Duanmu Sheng’s cultivation base had just recently sprouted a leaf. Who knew how long this battle would drag on if they kept this up? However, there was no doubt such a battle could help temper Duanmu Sheng and force him to grow rapidly

The intense battle went on for a moment longer.

At this moment, a low buzzing sound came from Tangzi Town's direction.

The people on the cloud-splitting chariot looked in the direction of the sound

Behind Tangzi Town, a black dragon chariot that was slightly smaller than the cloud-splitting chariot was slowly approaching.

It parted the clouds as it flew over Tangzi Town. It was neither quick nor slow. It was not flying at a high altitude either.

However, what struck fear into the onlookers' hearts was the roughly 400 Brahman Sea realm cultivators flanking the black dragon chariot as they floated over.

"The Fiend Temple!"

The townspeople ran into their homes and bolted their doors. These were villains who were wicked beyond redemption. Who would dare to remain outside? Apart from that, many low-level cultivators fled from the town as well.

Lu Zhou's expression remained calm. Although the Fiend Temple's black flying chariot was not as impressive as his cloud-splitting chariot, the 400 Brahman Sea realm and several Divine Court realm cultivators, and the buzzing sound from the cultivators' input of Primal Qi stifled those who were in its presence.

This was made evident by the townspeople's reactions.

When the black dragon chariot entered his sight, Duanmu Sheng retreated in the air. Under his control, the Overlord Spear sent Wu Sheng and Wu Guan flying back even though they were unharmed.

Whizz!

The black dragon chariot slowly came to a halt before a deep voice rang from the black dragon chariot.

"Old Senior Ji, long time no see." Ren Buping sauntered into view. His expression was flippant, and his hair was slightly disheveled. He had deep-set eyes. This person had the highest authority in the Fiend Temple, the first seat of Fiend Temple.

Their eyes met.

When Lu Zhou remembered what Ren Buping used to look like, he casually remarked, "You've grown old."

Ren Buping bowed and said, "Compared to Old Senior Ji, it's nothing. It won't be a problem for me to live for several more centuries,"

"I disagree. You won't be able to live past today." In Lu Zhou's eyes, Ren Buping was a dead man walking. Since the Fiend Temple had provoked the Evil Sky Pavilion repeatedly, Ren Buping's fate had been sealed.

Ren Buping chuckled and said, "Old Senior Ji... You've truly grown old... Don't you think something is strange here?"

Lu Zhou was in no hurry. He said calmly, "Do enlighten me."

Wu Sheng floated upward and drew level with Lu Zhou. "I was genuinely sincere when I visited the Evil Sky Pavilion. However, the Evil Sky Pavilion is too overbearing. I had no choice but to use this method to draw all of you here."

Duanmu Sheng brandished his Overlord Spear and pointed it at Wu Sheng from afar as he said, "You're saying this is deliberate?"

Wu Sheng nodded. "Indeed." He shifted his gaze from Duanmu Sheng to Lu Zhou. "Old senior, I was trying to make peace, but I changed my mind halfway through... Now, I have but one request."

"Hm?"

"I hope you'll hand over the traitor, Ye Tianxin, to the palace, senior," Wu Sheng said.

'For Ye Tianxin they deliberately lured the Evil Sky Pavilion here?'

The people on the cloud-splitting chariot exchanged glances.

When Zhao Yue heard this, she hastily lowered her head and said, "I didn't know it's a trap. Please forgive me, master!"

Lu Zhou waved his hand and said, "No matter."

Even if Zhao Yue did not say anything, things would still progress in the same manner.

The Evil Sky Pavilion would not stay idle while the descendants of the Ten Shamans tried to take down the Golden Court Mountain's barrier.

Mingshi Yin snorted and said, "My ass! Who gave you the confidence? You? Ren Buping? You think you're capable of setting a trap for us?"

The current individuals who could be considered as their opponents were Ren Buping, Wu Sheng, and Wu Guan.

On the Evil Sky Pavilion's side, there was Hua Wudao, Duanmu Sheng, Mingshi Yin, and the patriarch himself whose cultivation base was unfathomable.

Wu Sheng smiled. He turned to glance at Ren Buping and said, "Confidence?" He spread his arms slightly and looked down at the land. "Since we dare to come here, we're, naturally, confident."

Ren Buping saw the other red-robed cultivators joined their palms together. They were emitting faint Primal Qi waves.

"What's this..."

Wu Sheng and Wu Guan joined their palms together as well.

The thick fog within the area of three miles vanished.

With the red-robed cultivators in the center, 10 faint purplish light circles appeared within the semicircle enclosure.

“The Grand Formation we prepared isn’t meant to take down or steal the Golden Court Mountain’s barrier. That’s just fake information we deliberately leaked...” Wu Sheng said smugly, “This Formation is called the Grand Predecessor Formation.”

“Grand Predecessor Formation?” Hua Wudao immediately leaped to his feet as his eyes widened.

Lu Zhou remained unmoved.

Little Yuan’er snapped, “I don’t care if it’s the predecessor or the successor, or if you’re bland or savory. I’ll clobber you until your teeth fall to the ground!”

Hua Wudao shook his head. “The Ten Shamans are their predecessors... This Formation will allow the Ten Shamans to possess their hosts. In other words, we’ll be facing the Ten Shamans!”

“...” Mingshi Yin was slightly stunned. His hand slipped on the helm without him noticing. “Master, why don’t we... wait this one out?”

The reason they had brought the cloud-splitting chariot was so that they could swiftly leave the Grand Formation’s range if the need arose.

Lu Zhou shook his head and said, “There’s no need for that.” He thought to himself, ‘Would the mighty Evil Sky Pavilion’s patriarch resort to fleeing?’

Lu Zhou slowly rose to his feet and put his hands on his back before he said, “I’d like to see just how powerful the Ten Shamans are...”